

THE SHRINE OF ST. THOMAS, AT CANTERBURY.



GATE HOUSE, WALSHINGHAM PRIORY.



PILGRIMAGES TO WALSHINGHAM AND CANTERBURY.

AMONGST the many pleasant excursions which the members of the two Archaeological Associations have enjoyed, that to Walsingham, when the Institute visited Norwich, stands prominent. The weather was fine, the place itself full of interest, and the host, Mr. Lee Warner, received all with such genuine and warm kindness as greatly to increase their enjoyment.

Amidst the pleasant results of that visit (and every one of these excursions produces more good results than are at once apparent) must be placed a new translation, by Mr. John Gough Nichols, of "The Pilgrimages to St. Mary of Walsingham and St. Thomas of Can-

terbury," by Erasmus.* Mr. Nichols, the worthy beater of a worthy name, was peculiarly well fitted for the task, and has brought to bear upon it a large amount of antiquarian knowledge, throwing light on our early religious history and our architectural antiquities.

Our readers will scarcely require to be told that these celebrated colloquies were directed against "such as run mad upon pilgrimages undertaken under pretext of religion." The translator, however, does not put it forth in a polemical spirit, but as illustrating early history; and he shows that the degree of dis-

credit which has been thrown on the descriptive portions of these works was unjust. He found the account of the churches of Walsingham quite correct: "There were two,—the Priory Church, and the wooden Chapel of the Virgin, around which 'the new work' of stone had been erected, but was never finished, just as Erasmus describes it. The two wells, which he mentions, still exist."

We give, as specimens of the engravings with which the book is further illustrated, a view of the Gate-house of Walsingham Priory, and of the Shrine of St. Thomas, at Canterbury, from a pen-and-ink sketch on one of the Cottonian MSS. (Lib. E. viii., fo. 269.)

"The head in the quatrefoil in the front of the gateway, and two smaller ones in the side walls, are portions of the original design, and are intended to represent the porter and warders on the look out."

The shrine at Canterbury is described by Stowe as "builded about a man's height, all of stone; then upward of timber, plane. . . . The timber-work of this shrine on the outside was covered with plates of gold," &c. "The finials on the crest of the shrine," says Mr. Nichols, "were of silver gilt, the central one weighing 80 ounces, and the two others each 60 ounces." The shrine had in front of it a curious mosaic pavement which still remains in the cathedral, such as is found at Westminster Abbey, about the shrine of Edward the Confessor.

Mr. Nichols is entitled to praise for this very interesting and scholarly contribution to the library, not alone of the English reader, but of those who, knowing the author in the original, would more fully understand his references and allusions.

IS TIME MONEY?

He should possess no ordinary stock of courage who withholds assent to the dogma so pertinaciously upheld and acted upon by a large portion of the world. Yet so far from being received as a canon, it deserves our most serious inquiry, whether the too universal adhesion to it by the commercial community is not one of the causes of that depression which periodically sweeps over the face of mercantile affairs, as surely and naturally as debility and forced inactivity follow a fever in our mortal frame.

It has been truly remarked that men live quicker now than they did—that the work of fifty years is compressed into twenty. Yet the fuel that supplies heat to the great commercial hot-house is human bone and blood. And it is inevitable that the lower the rank in life the more fatal is the operation of this forcing system. A statesman or philosopher wears out prematurely the scabbard of life by the activity of his trenchant spirit; a poet swims the adverse stream till heart-strings crack in the contest; another throws down the disgusting cup of life scarce tasted; and their premature exit is chronicled in the memories of all who sympathize with men struggling against the chilly tide of the world's selfishness. But who notes the hecatombs offered on the altar of the Moloch of haste? Every additional burden thrown on the edifice of human society, however much it may be felt by the capital and the shaft, presses with a more crushing weight upon the base.

It must, I think, be evident to the most superficial observer, that much of the depression in trade arises from the rapidity with which work is now executed. A tradesman solicits, or tenders for work, and after lowering his prices till a scarcely living profit is attainable (and after figuring in the list of "Blind Builders"), promises to do the work of six days in two. By hard task-masters, long hours of business, and body-destroying and soul-wearying exertions on the part of employees, he succeeds—the work is done: how done is of no consequence, if he barely fulfil his contract, or satisfy the requirements of the man to whom "time is money," and who, as he begrudges the "money" for the execution, begrudges the "time" for examination into the ability and propriety of the work done for him. By this system the master-workman suffers much, but how fare the working hands? Work cannot be made for them; and after doing the six days' work in two (for which they hardly get

* "With the Colloquy on Rash Vows, by the same Author, and his Characters of Archbishop Warham and Dean Colet, and illustrated with Notes, by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A." Westminster: Nichols and Son, 1849.